

The TATLER

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HORLICKS

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LADY MAIRI STEWART

Hay Wrightson, New Bond Street

The youngest daughter of a very air-minded family, that of the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry, the head of the house having been Secretary of State for Air from 1931 to 1935, and Master of the Guild of Air Pilots in 1937. Lady Mairi Stewart is a poetess and authoress, and has displayed artistic talent in other directions also. Lady Londonderry, whose political receptions in more peaceful times were an outstanding event in the social firmament, is a sister of the present Viscount Chaplin. Lord Londonderry has offered his famous Park Lane house for families whose homes have been destroyed by bombs



THE WAY OF THE WAR

By "FORE-SIGHT"

Roman Princes and Mussolini

PRINCE DORIA and Don Alessandro Torlonia have, it is reported, left Italy for Switzerland in mysterious circumstances. First of all it was stated that these two well-known members of Roman Society had been placed under arrest for activities considered to be subversive of the Fascist regime.

The Fascist movement, in its early days had no more fervent supporters than the younger men of the Italian and especially of the Roman aristocracy. The first time that I saw Mussolini was years ago at the Borghese Palace. Don Giacomo Borghese and Don Piero Colonna—who died last year as Governor of Rome—had invited the ex-Socialist pamphleteer to a small dinner party. The future Duce still looked very much like the man with a bowler hat bashed down over eyes in the oft-published photograph of his arrest. At the Borghese Palace he wore no hat but sat on the edge of his chair, and was most respectful to his illustrious hosts. In fact his conversation was largely of the "Yes, sir, no, sir" variety.

It is no secret that for years past the old nobility in Italy has been impatient of the Fascist yoke and worried by the impoverishment that the regime has brought upon all Italians. There is an old saying that the Italians often say silly things but rarely do them. No people are more sensitive to ridicule and they feel that Mussolini has made them ridiculous by extravagant claims and by pretensions they know that they have not the strength to carry

off. The Abyssinian campaign and the successful bluffing of the Great Powers stilled all criticism for a time but the events of the last year have produced a discontent in Italy that it is no longer possible to hide.

Of course, too much importance must not be attached to the exile of Doria and Torlonia. The Government still has the situation in hand but the feeling is growing that Hitler's plans

are not working to schedule and that Italy is doomed if the war is prolonged. As the weeks and months slip by without Britain receiving the much-advertised knock-out blow, the Italians, a people of much critical sense, much Mediterranean lucidity of thought, much practical incredulity and a good deal of realization of their own limitations are getting restive. It is more difficult to "fool all the



DUCHESS OF KENT AT A CANADIAN HOSPITAL

The 5th Canadian General Hospital somewhere in England was recently visited by H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent. She is seen in the photograph with Mrs. Luton on the left, and on the right Colonel Luton, Lady Astor (who had been present at the opening of the hospital in July. The building, which cost nearly a million dollars, was raised by donations from the people of Canada); Miss Ellen Wilkinson, now recovered from her recent appendix operation; and Lieutenant Gibbs



THE PRIME MINISTER VISITS THE SOUTHERN AND EASTERN DEFENCES

Mr. Winston Churchill, who seems to be here, there and everywhere all at once was accompanied on his recent visit to the Southern and Eastern Defences by Mr. A. V. Alexander (First Lord of the Admiralty), Admiral Sir Dudley Pound (First Sea Lord), General Sir Alan Brooke (Commander-in-Chief Home Forces) and General Sir John Dill (Chief of the Imperial General Staff). Our photo shows the Prime Minister, complete with very individual headgear and cigar, heading the party during his tour

people all the time" in Italy than in the Reich. Unless Italy can manage to score some local successes which can be magnified into victories one or other of the opposition set ups I referred to last week may well come into being.

Prince Doria has always been known as a very tepid adherent of the Fascist fake. He is three-quarters British by blood and is married to a British wife. His health has never been good and he has played no very active part in the affairs of his country. The Duce has left him alone up to now in his great show place the Doria Palace on the Corso. The Dorias although they have for centuries been in the front rank of the Roman nobility are of Genoese origin. Like all the great families of Genoa, the Dorias—whose most outstanding figure was that Andrea Doria who commanded the fleet of the Emperor Charles V—were merchant bankers and ship owners—"Januensis ergo mercator" was the old tag. The Torlonia family, although well known in Rome for generations past is not of such imposing origin. The first Torlonia to arrive in Rome was an immigrant from the Auvergne, in central France, and his name was something like Tourlonias. He set up as a pawnbroker and moneylender in a small way and his son ended up as Papal banker. His services were rewarded with a title of Roman Prince. His descendants have inter-married with all the great families of the Eternal City and many

of the generation which knew Rome before the last war will remember the old Duca Torlonia in his palace on the Via Boccardi Leone. Within the last few years the Torlonias have made a royal marriage and Don Alessandro, the present head of the family, is the son-in-law of King Alfonso.

Spain's Possibilities

Neither Alfonso nor his only healthy son, the present Prince of Asturias, seems likely to mount the Spanish throne in the near future. Neither "Caudillo" Franco nor his energetic brother-in-law Serrano Suñer, who has just been in Berlin on an official visit with an imposing retinue, are desirous of handing over to a monarch. The Spanish attitude sometimes seems enigmatic but the fact is that the country is quite unable to get involved in any further adventures. All sorts of ambitious schemes of foreign policy are in the air, ranging from an Iberian "Union" to include Portugal (and Portugal's colonies), to the recovery of Gibraltar. But the Spanish watchword must be "wait and see": the Spaniards are a proud and intractable people who despise the Italians and admire the Germans, and have despised the one and admired the other for many years but would not allow their contempt and dislike to rule out co-operation with Italy if anything more tangible could be got out of it or permit their admiration of Germany to drag them into a course the issue of which must be to say the least of it doubtful. In the general Mediterranean settlement which must follow this war there seems to be no reason why some Spanish aspirations should not receive satisfaction.

Italians in Spain

The Mediterranean situation has not changed essentially since last week. The Italians have advanced into the barren wastes of Western Egypt. The Italian Navy is still conspicuous by its inactivity. The Italian mission in Syria—whose object seems to be the disarmament of all the French forces in that mandated territory—is receiving a very cold reception. In Syria, as in all the French possessions and protectorates to a lesser or a greater degree, the older men are obedient to the Vichy clique and many of the younger men anxious to avenge their country's honour. The rank and file of the conscript soldiers, however, not unnaturally have only one desire and that is to get home to France, but the young officers and civil servants who have not their eyes on pensions think otherwise.

The Vichy Government can do nothing to finance the colonies. The finances of France itself are, of course, in hopeless disorder and the situation is being met overseas by inflation with the consequence that in Syria the local currency has sunk to a tithe of its nominal value, thus dislocating all the economic life of the country.

Balkanic Russia

Russia has not yet emerged as a Mediterranean power but as a Danubian power; since the re-annexation of Bessarabia the Soviet has made it known in Berlin that no decision is to be taken on Danubian matters without Russia's acquiescence. The Russians feel that now

Rumania is to all intents and purposes a German protectorate they must see to it that their contact with Bulgaria is maintained.

Japan and Thailand

We must not, however, allow our natural preoccupations with the invasion possibility at home to blind our eyes to the menace to our imperial and economic communications at the two vital points of Suez and Singapore. The Eastern Mediterranean danger is a very real one and it is improbable that the present comparative inactivity will be much prolonged.

East of Singapore the Japanese are ceaselessly active. The situation in Indo-China is most confused. Report follows report. First the Japanese demands for naval bases and air-ports and to be allowed to land troops in Tongking for action against the Chinese, are partially accepted, then quite rejected, and then again made the subject of discussion and compromise. The fact is that the French on the spot are playing for time and cannot effectively prevent the Japanese from getting a footing in Indo-China.

What is new in the situation, however, is the attitude of Siam. The military dictators who rule Thailand have just signed non-aggression treaties with us and with the French. Only by a stretch of imagination could the Siamese be said to have any territorial claims against parts of the British Empire, although the extreme nationalists who maintain that all the Thai-speaking peoples (that is,

those speaking a language allied to Siamese) should be united under the rule of the Bangkok Government, look on parts of the Burmese Shan States as *terre irredente*.

With regard to French Indo-China, however, the situation is different. The French Indo-Chinese Union is cut in two by the Mekong River. On either side of the upper reaches live the Laotians—a people of Thai speech—and there are many more Laotians who live as Siamese subjects in the great bulge of Thailand which sticks into Indo-China to the east. Southwards the French protectorate of Cambodia (to whose people the Siamese owe their civilization) is also coveted by General Luang Bipul Songgram the Premier and Foreign Minister of Bangkok, and his colleagues. The French are being told that if the demands for the cession of Luang Prabang in the north and for territory in the region of Paksé in the middle Mekong are not acceded to, the non-aggression treaty will not be ratified in Bangkok.

Continued on page 432



A BRITISH RED CROSS FAIR AT MINTO

The Roxburgh Branch of the Red Cross held a Country Fair at Minto, Roxburghshire, in aid of the Red Cross, Prisoners of War and County Comforts Fund. The opening was performed by the Countess of Haddington. On the platform, from l. to r., are: General Jardine, the Countess of Minto, the Countess of Haddington, Major-General Sir Walter Scott, Margaret, Duchess of Buccleuch, and the Earl of Minto



LUCKY ESCAPE FROM A BOMB

Lady Maureen Stanley, daughter of the Marquess of Londonderry and wife of Major the Hon. Oliver Stanley, former President of the Board of Trade; Colonel Mardon and the Hon. Mrs. Freddie Cripps were forced to leave a north-east coast town, as an unexploded bomb landed in the hotel where they were staying. Until the next day when an R.E. officer rendered the bomb harmless, they had only the clothes they are seen wearing in the picture

LETTER FROM AMERICA

By PAMELA MURRAY

The Racing Season of 1940 ends in a blaze of sun and opulence at Saratoga Springs. Will 1941 see the same picture of peace and plenty?

Saratoga Springs, New York—August 28, 1940

THIS is the final *Grande Semaine* of horse racing (accent on horse) at the American Deauville-plus-Newmarket-with a dash of Doncaster and Goodwood, and more than a dash of pre-Pétain Vichy. The sun has shone on millionaire and mug for nearly a month, and on Saturday night, after the



AT SARATOGA RACES

Mrs. Philip Ammidown with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sweeney, both of whose sons are now serving in England. Mrs. Ammidown, who stayed with the Willie K. Vanderbilts for the meeting, is a famous young New York beauty, and before her marriage was Miss Beatrice Hudson, and is a daughter of Mrs. Ernest Hudson

appropriately-named Hopeful Stakes, everything will be folded away, by truck, plane and limousine, including all the most famous racing stables in North America, and half the New York night clubs now temporarily gracing this unique New England festival.

Superficially the season has not differed greatly from its predecessors, which string like a luxurious necklace back to the romantic Eighteen-Sixties, when the dashing *beaux* and *belles* first ousted the Indians from these health-giving springs which have bubbled since the Cambrian age in the beautiful wild-wooded foothills of the Adirondacks. Nevertheless, the war has made a difference. Prices for yearlings are down about thirty per cent owing to the certainty of higher taxation for armaments, and because of essential retrenchment among the rich who are being soaked as never before in the history of the United States.

Then there are *les tricoteuses*. In every box at the races at least one social leader, lady owner, or famous beauty is knitting her way through the card; hot khaki wool manipulated

by purple-tipped fingers loaded with rocks—for in this country women wear their important jewellery day and night—junk mixed with Cartier. Mrs. Pete Widener is on her twenty-seventh sock for Bundles for Britain, while Mrs. Isabel Dodge (automobile) Sloane has completed three navy blue sweaters (jerseys to you) during racing hours alone. She uses a circular needle and never looks down. In the next box Mrs. Ella Simpson (*née* Marshall Field) does a nice line in light grey mitts.

Most enthusiastic of all is the lovely Mrs. "Laddie" Sanford who gave her summer dress allowance to Bundles for Britain. Having strained her eyes in Hollywood's arc lamps in her Mary Duncan days, she cannot see to knit, but provides others with the wherewithal. Every woman in the stand wears a Bundles for Britain brooch—red, white and blue—plus a Willkie button.

The only thing you must not do in Saratoga is express the hope that Mr. Roosevelt will be re-elected. The rich, and indeed all who own property even in a small way, appear to favour Mr. Willkie, which does not prevent me from tipping Mr. Roosevelt as the eventual winner by a small, perhaps an infinitesimal margin. Both are true friends of the British Empire, sharing our ideals and recognizing our mutual economic interests, but the whole gargantuan process of electing a new President acts as a brake on America's war effort, and as such it is bad news for us, and another imponderable factor in Hitler's strategy of time. The count does not come until November.



HER SEVENTEENTH SOCK FOR BRITAIN

Mrs. Isabel Dodge Sloane, the automobile heiress and racehorse owner, in her box at the Saratoga Races. The "Bundles for Britain" scheme is the one for which Mrs. Sloane is so busy knitting, and the seventeenth sock seems to be going on well!

Meanwhile it will interest the racing fraternity to know that the biggest race, Travers Stakes (a mile and a quarter, founded 1865) was won by that great sportsman Mr. "Bill" Woodward with Fenelon. Mr. Woodward and his tall, handsome married daughters are often in the paddock, which resembles the paddock at Deauville, in that it is leafy and



MORE SARATOGA PATRONS

Mr. and Mrs. Freddie Bryce of Philadelphia and Nassau in the summery kit which was appropriate to the occasion. Mr. Freddie Bryce runs the famous Porcupine Sailing Club on Hog Island, Nassau, where he and his wife have a very charming house

there are many gorgeous blondes, but no pink champagne, no little tables and no ghosts. Mr. Woodward is one of the biggest, in every sense, and most highly respected figures on the American Turf, and Mr. "Jo" Widener is another, supported by his son Pete (who has taken twenty-five refugee children) and his nephew George Widener whose wife Jessie also owns horses. But there are many other good sports whose names are not known outside the United States.

Internationals with horses at Saratoga include "Jack" Whitney (whose box was a frame for Norma Shearer, George Raft and Joan Bennett one broiling afternoon); the Phipps family (mother being Lady Granard's sister); the Warren Wrights whose house at Miami Beach was a focus for British visitors in happier winters, and Mrs. E. Graham Lewis, better known as Elizabeth Arden. She gives her horses electric treatments, and after changing trainers a number of times, has finally got one who agrees with sparks. Mr. "Andy" Sage of the Jockey Club had Schiaparelli (now lecture touring on

(Continued on page 434)

THE
POLISH
PREMIER
AND
HIS WIFE



Bassano

GENERAL SIKORSKI AND (INSET) MADAME HELENE SIKORSKA

General Sikorski, the Premier of the Polish Government and Commander-in-Chief of the Polish Forces in England, takes an immense interest in the activities of all the Poles in this country who are helping the Allied cause with all their might and main, and getting a little of their own back in the air. He visited his army in Scotland on the occasion of the anniversary of the Battle of the Vistula, accompanied by his daughter, Mlle. Sikorska, who is small and dark, aged twenty-four and a noted horsewoman, and now helping to organize hostels for the soldiers. Madame Sikorska was present recently at the opening of the last free Polish school in Europe, which has been established in London for Polish refugees. The opening ceremony was performed by General Haller, the Polish Minister of Education



Harlip

THE CINEMA By JAMES AGATE

EVERYTHING in the world is relative. Or so the scientists and philosophers assure us. I am not at all certain how far one should carry this theory. Is Mont Blanc a high mountain relative to the Swiss plain? (are there, by the way, any plains in Switzerland?) Is Mont Blanc a low mountain relative to Mount Everest? The discussion seems to me to be both academic and irrelevant. Is the parsnip an odious and loathsome vegetable merely because I prefer the turnip? No, it is not. The parsnip is, in its own right, of a foul gustatory obscenity. Fine words butter no parsnips indeed! No words can do anything to that abominable root.

Now apply the foregoing to pictures. It is peace time, the evening is in September, one full of the luscious melancholy of autumn, you are in possession of a luxurious motor car complete with petrol, you can go where you like without question asked, and you know that not even a drop of rain will fall on you from the skies. Why, then, should you shut yourself up in some hot and stuffy cinema to watch an improbable story being badly acted by some underbred Hollywood shop-boy and shop-girl? But suppose the conditions to be those of modern wartime. Say that the alternative to going to the pictures is sitting at home—a thing you never do and anyhow hate—quarrelling with your family and waiting for the time to make treks for that incommensurable contraption, the shelter. In comparison with this is not an evening at *any* cinema a thrilling business? What do you care if the leading man got the Hollywood job merely because he looked nice in the London advertisements of somebody's collars? What does it matter if the young woman playing opposite him is not to be distinguished from the young woman you saw last week, or the week before, and the week before that? These film creatures have now become so synthetic that I believe they are all the same young woman *under different names*. I am not a dancing fan; ten minutes of Fred Astaire satisfies me and two minutes of anybody else is enough. Yet I prefer the tap-tap of even an inferior performer to the drip-drip of the rain on the roof of a shelter. The first disposes to a kind of slumber; the second leads to the most irritating form of insomnia, a dropping-off that never quite materializes.

It was with something of the foregoing in mind that I set out the other afternoon for the Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square. There, in a film called *I Was an Adventuress*, I saw a not very good actor called Richard Greene get into one bed while a not very good actress called Zorina got into another. They turned over the pages of illustrated magazines, back-chatted, squabbled a little, made it up a

Dug-out or Picture Palace?

little more, and finally turned out their lamps and went to sleep. Well, what is so remarkable about that, the reader asks. I answer. First of all Lord and Lady Eyewash, or whatever they were called, were spending the night *in bed*, in proper beds in a proper bedroom situated where bedrooms ought to be situated, that is at the top of the house, hotel, block of flats or whatnot. They had sheets, and they retired to them in an elegant manner very different from the way in which last night we trailed to dug-out or shelter at the end of our backyards, blankets beginning to smell of old clothes men, removing vans, cheese and mice. I am not complaining, merely fact stating. And note something else, dear reader. *They slept*.

Relatively, then, I thought that *I Was an Adventuress* was a superb picture. All the more superb, perhaps, in that it gave me the first unbroken slumber I had had for a week. The friend I had with me chattered afterwards of a wonderful ballet called "Swan Lake," in which Zorina had pretended to be a swan or a lake, he was not sure which. And from time to time I caught glimpses of that suave, beautifully mannered actor, Eric von Stroheim. I could not, alas, quite decide what Peter

Lorre was up to; whenever I opened my eyes he appeared to be about to give an impersonation of some Oriental Peter Pan, whereupon I shut them again and thought of down quilts. The story? Somehow I do not think it would be quite fair if in the circumstances I were to expatiate at length. All I will say, therefore, is that it appeared to be made up of diamonds, double-crossings, love and blackmail. Admirable prescription for a film story! I have always thought that if ever I write a film story its ingredients will be blackmail, love, double-crossing and diamonds.

The accompanying picture would, I think, have been labelled first-rate by me at any time or conjunction in the world's affairs. Do you remember another kind of picture called *His Majesty, King Baby*, or some such name? The artist showed a policeman holding up the traffic in Piccadilly, including a prancing pair of bays drawing a smart barouche, to give some four-year-old tot the right of way. The tot in the present picture, called *Sailor's Lady* by the way, was a one-year-old female on board the battleship leading the American Fleet into battle practice. Subsequent events showed Her Majesty, Queen Baby interfering with manoeuvres to such an extent that they had to be abandoned. It may be that this does not read funny. But the object of a comic film is to look rather than read funny, and this one contains some superb fooling not unmixed with a certain quality of satire.

My instinct towards film children is purely murderous. There is a dreadful passage in "Salammbô" in which Flaubert describes how, to appease some god, an infant was thrown into the maw of a furnace so that it disappeared instantly like a drop of water on a red-hot shovel. I would not treat children so, but I would treat in this way, or worse, the people who put them into films.

And now I want to make an exception in favour of the unnamed child in this film who was obviously the proclaimed desire of all women and the sneaking fancy of not a few men. So now, mothers and fathers, do not fail to see this picture whenever and wherever it is shown. Compare this ideal baby with your own brats, darlings, or whatever you call them. May I point out that it doesn't talk. The other day I read an article in a paper recommending hospitality to the soldier during the long winter to come "Take him into your home. Make him welcome. Give him cake. Tell him the amusing things baby has said during the day!" Need I say that the article was by a woman? Well, there is no danger of anything of the sort at the Odeon. The child is silent throughout like the "k" in "diaper." J.A.



MISS LILIAN DUFF,
THE ATTRACTIVE FILM BROADCASTER

So many of us have been more or less mesmerized by Miss Lilian Duff's admirable Sunday commentaries on film matters, that it is a certainty that the fanatic or "fan" would like to see what she looks like. She certainly is not what is called a strain on the eyes



"TURNABOUT," AT THE GAUMONT

Hal Roach presents a new United Artists film entitled *Turnabout*, opening at the Gaumont, Haymarket, on September 27, a rather far-fetched story about a young married couple, Sally and Tim Willows (played by Carole Landis and John Hubbard), who, after some domestic quarrels, wish they could exchange places. Ram, the god whose bust decorates their mantelpiece, grants their wish, and after the obvious complications they are seen begging him to restore them once more

LONDON'S LATEST FILMS



DONALD MEER AND CAROLE LANDIS

Henry (Donald Meek), the Willows' butler, is slightly astounded to find his mistress taking a shower in his master's bathroom, and preparing to go to business after the god Ram has wrought his alchemy



"MY LOVE CAME BACK," AT THE WARNER THEATRE

The new Warner Bros. film, directed by Kurt Bernhardt, opened on September 20, starring Jeffrey Lynn and Olivia de Havilland, supported by Jane Wyman, Eddie Albert and others. Joy O'Keefe (Jane Wyman), Amelia Cornell (Olivia de Havilland) and Dusty Rhodes (Eddie Albert) are seen as three penniless musical students at the Academy examining the gramophone given to Amelia by her middle-aged admirer, Julius Malette (Charles Winninger), president of the Monarch Music Co., and later of the Academy, who secretly pays the fees which she cannot herself afford. (On right) Olivia de Havilland as Amelia Cornell, the talented violin student, who finally marries Tony Baldwin (Jeffrey Lynn), general manager of the Monarch Music factory, whom she meets at a Viennese ball



SOCIAL ROUND-ABOUT

"The Tatler" in Town and Country

By BRIDGET CHETWYND



LADY PRICHARD-JONES

The former Miss Heather Nugent, elder daughter of Sir Walter and Lady Nugent, snapped in "cowering" London one day last week. Her husband, Sir John Prichard-Jones, is in a cavalry regiment, and in more peaceful times hunts with the Meath. He is the son of the first Baronet and of Lady Louth

At Lunchtime

I HATE listening to people making speeches, but hearing Rosita Forbes speak is quite different, and entirely enjoyable. She is grand to meet, too, so full of enthusiasm and vitality. At luncheon the other day she was wearing a beautiful little feather hat, which, except that it was scarlet, suggested the Swan Queen in *Lac des Cygnes*.

She spoke about South America, and all the violence of that great, hot, insurgent continent came to life, instead of its merely being the lump that dangles, in vaguely imitative shape, beneath the U.S. and Canada. In quick succession she pulled live, wriggling facts out of the air with her remarkable hands. The excessive luxury of the people at the top; the excessive poverty beneath—Packards in dozens, pastel bathrooms to every bedroom, food and servants beyond reason; and then, homes of mud or straw, the latter floating in the swamps, and babies slung to branches of the trees, with chickens roosting above them, draped in the greyness and hiss of soaking rain. Cheapness of life and violence of death; the excitement of gambling as the purpose of life. A quaking, yeasty melting-pot, with potentialities that we, in our lassitude, blinkingly ignore, leaving temperature and timing to the supervision of a Nazi Germany by whose knowledge of

psychology the human raw material of the whole world is explored and exploited.

Much more than this vague impression was, of course, contained in Miss Rosita Forbes' talk. I am certain that she could be convincing on any subject.

Lady Rumbold was one of those listening to her; also Lady Cohen, who had come up from the country specially, and proposed a vote of thanks.

Social Hiatus

IT is no use to pretend that the social whirl is the great thing pre-occupying everyone at this minute. As it is necessary to be extremely nippy to get anywhere at



IN GÖBBELS' "TERRIFIED" LONDON

Lord French, grandson of the famous Field-Marshal, and his sister, Lady Patricia French, outside the Ritz after lunch one day. Their father, the present Earl of Ypres, is a Gunner

all between bangs, and both persistent and foolhardy to get back, there is a certain slackening of the great wheel of pleasure's round. But there is lots of excitement in getting about at all, a tremendous sense of achievement in reaching point A from point B and usually something to see *en route*.

For instance, inside the tube stations at night. Rows of people lying along the platforms, heaped like slung sacks up and down the stairs, dollops of humanity herding together, living with the tenacity of the germs they must be lavishly exchanging. Children and babies, lying there with their mouths open, inhaling the hot, dead gale that whoops synthetically, instead of air. Grown-up people with their shoes off, slack and grey with unhealthy sleep. Not specially safe—the undergrounds aren't meant to be shelters—but indulging an instinctive craving to go to ground, displaying a dogged will to live at however low a standard.

Tol-Dir, etc.

WHEN dialling the above, have you ever wondered what or where you were getting? Try to picture TOL. Some big place like a film shot, filled with beautiful blondes ceaselessly stabbing at a switch-board? Yes, but where? Concealed in some familiar district? And what about DIR, TRU and the rest? Are they all one place or thing? These little aborted words make the whole thing much more strange as an idea than the old-fashioned one of a Telephone Exchange.

Cubbing

SOMETHING nice and seasonal that is not destroyed any more than anything essentially British. I went out last week, from London, which added to the excitement, because it meant starting at five to get there in time, and there was no knowing whether the All Clear would go soon enough, and, if not, how easy it would be to get along. It was quite dark, and guns still banging, when we got into the car, but quite soon afterwards the right note wailed, and the darkness began to drift away, leaving the blackness of smoke it had been concealing in parts of the sky.

We ducked and detoured north among the barricaded streets, and still active A.F.S. units, away from the war to bracken and

(Continued on page 412)



TWO MORE "SCARED" LONDONERS

Lieut.-Colonel Henry Christian Combe and Miss Carr, who do not look peculiarly panic-stricken. Colonel Combe, formerly Blues, married Lady Moira Scott, eldest daughter of the seventh Earl of Clonmell, which peerage died with the eighth Earl



Eisenstaedt-Pix

**SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S
DAUGHTER AND GRANDSON
SAFE IN THE U.S.A.**

A charming picture of Mrs. Vincent Paravicini and her 2½-year-old son, Nicolas Vincent Somerset Paravicini, taken in the garden at Mrs. Nelson Doubleday's Long Island home at Mill Neck. Before her marriage to the son of M. Charles Rodolphe Paravicini, Swiss Minister in London from 1920-1939, Mrs. Paravicini was Miss Liza Maugham, the popular only daughter of Mr. Somerset Maugham, author and playwright, and of Mrs. Syrie Maugham, the well-known artistic house decorator, who left London for Canada and America soon after her daughter's departure. Mr. Somerset Maugham was at his villa at Cap Ferrat when France capitulated, but after many adventures and a voyage in an overcrowded coal-boat, arrived safely in England.

SOCIAL ROUND-ABOUT—continued

woods and grass under the cold gauze of early morning. We overtook horses being ridden on—more than one pack was meeting in the neighbourhood. Smell became important, releasing the train of cubbing memories. There is no smell quite so individual as an English country dawn you have got up for (not stayed up for: that is something different, and more reminiscent of tired feet and dance tunes).

The meet was at a nice little Jorrocksy pub, and hounds arrived with a self-important bustle. Coverts were thick, and it wasn't possible to get about much, but the feeling of being on a horse again, the sound of horn and hounds, the jolly tweak given to the end of one's nose by the nipping morning air, made anything else at all seem quite preposterously unreal. Until some beautiful bombers of our own flew over, quite low: surely superimposed upon a picture of quite another period?

Celebrities and Clocks

I met Mr. James Agate the other day, which was a novelty. Deciding that impertinence was a quality to which he had no right to take exception, I pounced on him in a restaurant, on the strength of his having known my father and my aunt—circumstances which immediately establish one in county circles, provided the father and the aunt are of the right sort, but which are calculated to infuriate the wily intellectual. However, he controlled his rage, and put up quite a good show of being simple and unaffected. I was thrilled. Of course, he told me I couldn't write, but at least I can read, a humble pursuit open to anyone.

Also, many years ago, I learnt to tell the time, but lately that has ceased to be of much practical use, as Nazi bombs and our own lovely new guns between them seem to have managed to stop practically every clock in London, and we are forced to rely on the imbecile "pip-pipping" of the wireless, time told to the idiots. There should be a demand for the old-fashioned hour-glass: if there were any way of getting hold of such things in bulk they would make an admirable new racket for the street-vendors (I admired the psychology of one near the Marble Arch, selling pamphlets headed: "The After Life: Proved"). Referring to the hour-glasses again, I think that turning one over and over would make an admirable air-raid shelter pastime, with the requisite monotony, and slow, even *tempo* to produce a valuable detachment and indifference.

I hear that Mr. Stephen Haggard, that very clever young actor, is now in the Army and stationed in the West. He made a name, here and in America, when very young, has played a good deal in Shaw and Ibsen. Last part, since the Fool in *King Lear*, was in *The Peaceful Inn*, which had an unlucky first night on the day of



CHELSEA OLD CHURCH WEDDING

Mr. Peter Stirling Newall, elder son of Captain and Mrs. G. Stirling Newall, of Shepherds Dene, Riding Mill, Northumberland, was married at Chelsea Old Church to Miss Eleanora Patricia Cecil (Patsy) Fox, only daughter of Rear-Admiral C. H. Fox, of Stoke Abbott, Beaminster, Dorset



EDWARD KNOBLOCK, THE FAMOUS PLAYWRIGHT

Mr. Edward Knoblock, alone and in collaboration with such famous people as Arnold Bennett, J. B. Priestley and Beverley Nichols, has given us many stage successes. He was also responsible for the films of *Red Waggon*, *Chu Chin Chote* and *Evensong*



LADY QUEENSBERRY IN MILITARY GUISSE

Lady Queensberry, seen wearing her uniform, is equally well known as Cathleen Kern, the successful portrait-painter. She married the tenth Marquess of Queensberry, and they have two children, Viscount Drumlanrig, the son and heir, and Lady Jane Douglas

Belgium's capitulation. His wife and two little boys went out to stay with his father in America when he joined up.

Bloomsbury Party

HIGH HOLBORN might rock, and Kingsway collapse; Bloomsbury would continue with its party-going. The Ian Lubbocks live at 14, Great Ormonde Street, and there were lots of people there last week to have as much fun as they could.

Ian Lubbock's mother is Irene Scharrer the famous pianist. His father is, of course the ex-Eton housemaster, and she used to give concerts at Eton. A great-uncle was Sir John Lubbock, first Lord Avebury, and his grandmother was a Gurney, descended from Oliver Cromwell. His very pretty wife has the attractive name of Lys. An ancestor in the early nineteenth century was a Count de la Tour. He shut his beautiful daughter in a convent in Brittany, from which she eloped to the Isle of Wight with an English Captain Davis. Ian Lubbock has a very lovely sister, who acts under the name of Rachel Gurney, and is now leading lady with Barry Jackson's Birmingham Repertory Company.

The party went on for hours, and practically drowned the clamour from outside. People played the piano and the gramophone, and talked as well. There were writers and critics (mutually dependent and more or less hostile), painters, musicians, and ballet dancers. Stephen Spender, who had been reading poetry on the wireless the night before, was there. No one can say the wireless doesn't cater for everybody. I feel sure that, in the interests of continuity, there was a talk on kale as winter-feed for cattle, and a swing record, immediately before and afterwards.

Peter Quennell appeared; he is another air-raid widower, as his wife is staying in

Cornwall with Mrs. Bernard Penrose. Nora Spencer is the attractive wife of Bernard Spencer, the poet, now representing the British Council in Greece. The *Daily Express*, in its forthright way, keeps having cracks at that institution, but it undoubtedly has some good ingredients.

Natasha Litvin, one of the most promising of the current pupils at the R.C.M., played the piano very beautifully, and has a good line in attractively period looks, dressed in black velvet and lace, with corn-coloured plaits around her head.

Miss Erica Mann, daughter of Dr. Thomas Mann, is just back from America. She is the wife of W. H. Auden, the poet, but disagrees with him about where to be in a war. Her brother, Klaus Mann, is starting an international revue in New York, called *Zero Hour*.

Malcolm Muggeridge, the book critic, is involved in the unaccustomed buttons and buckles of uniform. So is his friend, Andreas Mayor, the archaeologist. Kept away by the raid were Hermione Baddeley and Eric Maschwitz, but his familiar "Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square" was played very freely.



Dorothy Wilding

(Above)

W.V.S. WORKER

The Countess of Denbigh, who was married in May this year at the Westminster Cathedral to the tenth Earl of Denbigh, was the widow of the late Lieut.-Col. Paget Fielding Johnson, and formerly Miss Verena Barbara Price. She is working very hard for the W.V.S. at Rugby, where she now lives at Pailton House, their home, Newnham Paddox, at present being used by a convent school. Her husband has rejoined his old regiment, the Coldstream Guards, and is serving somewhere in England

NOTABLE WOMEN AND THEIR WARTIME WORK

(Below)

RED CROSS COUNTY OF LONDON VICE-PRESIDENT

The Hon. Mrs. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie, seen in the photograph with her two small sons, Angus and Jeremy James, who are now safely evacuated to Canada, was married in 1938 to Lord Radnor's youngest brother. She was formerly Miss Audrey James, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Willie James, and sister of Mr. Edward James (former husband of Miss Tilly Losch, the Austrian dancer), of West Dean Park, Chichester, so conveniently near to Goodwood race-course, and which has one of the best shoots in the South of England



(Above)

**Y.M.C.A. DIVISIONAL
PRESIDENT**

Lady Eva de Paravicini is seen wearing her uniform as Sussex and Surrey Divisional President of the Y.M.C.A. She is one of the busiest women in Sussex; lives at Hove, and is a J.P. for the County Borough of Brighton, where she is also President of a Children's Hospital. She is an aunt of the Marquess of Cholmondeley, who married the only sister of the late Sir Philip Sassoon. Lady Eva was married in 1913 to Mr. Harry Farquhar de Paravicini



Simms

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

A Fine Historical Novel

HOW treacherous it is, this yearning of most people to improve the already good! Never to be able to let well alone. Always to be hankering after the better-still, especially when others have taken the earlier lead in that perfection. Wherein lies the human snag! The uncreative can secretly never endure the work of the creative. A kind of unconscious jealousy besets them. Rather as if the creation were a criticism of their own uncreativity. So that even the loving friendship of two people—and friendship is a creative intimacy—can never continue along its lovely, placid way without other people seeking to frustrate this only too rare human communion of heart and mind. We are so loath to copy, so eagerly inclined to revolt at the suggestion of humbling ourselves sufficiently to learn. Well can rarely be left alone to work out its own salvation if the “well” be not of our own making. Thus half the trouble in the world arises, it seems to me. For, not in ourselves do we seek a greater perfection, but always in the lives of others, especially if they do not seem to invite interference. Power, however small, is a kind of universal attraction. I suppose it gives people a sense of superiority, and that is a feeling which aids that self-satisfaction so many people believe is their justification for being alive at all! Usually it is a deadly snare—for other people.

So to speak, every single individual has his own road to heaven or, if you like, happiness. It is always dangerous to drive anyone anywhere, though lead them—if you can. It is, however, so much easier to drive. To lead requires a tact of which few of us are capable. It requires a greater mental effort, but far less direct action. And so much direct action has no mental effort behind it—at all—only an overwhelming emotionalism, comprised partly of personal ambition, partly vanity, partly a desire to see ourselves in some kind of limelight command, petty or otherwise. Moreover, so many people interpret this desire to command in terms of commanding—a very different, and much uglier manifestation. Misery always arises when commanding lifts its head, especially when the material commandeered is human and the battle purely domestic. We talk so glibly of freedom, but other people's freedom is never a popular joy. Like Democracy, most of us are just not quite good enough to use it properly. To live and let live is one of the most difficult lessons in life to learn. Moreover, there are too many people who would not learn that lesson if they could. Really, the rules of life and conduct are terribly simple and human happiness can be simplified to the composition



Lenore

LADY MARGARET D'ARCY

The authoress of “Charity Racket,” which is in John Murray's autumn list and has been variously described as a tonic for low spirits, amusing, damning and dramatic—also incandescent. Amongst Lady Margaret's other books have been “Down the Sky” and “Malignant Star.” Lady Margaret D'Arcy, who is an Ensign in the Mechanised Transport Corps, is the younger of the little Earl of Kinnoul's two aunts, and the wife of Mr. Norman D'Arcy



AMERICA'S CALL TO ARMS AND THE ARTISTS WHO PAINTED IT
Major Thomas B. Woodburn and his wife, who collaborated in the latest poster for the United States Army, one of many which Major Woodburn has been painting for years, in most of which he used his daughter as a model, particularly for the original “Miss Columbia.” Major and Mrs. Woodburn, who specialises in pastels, work out their ideas together, with, as will be noted, striking and successful results

of a few sentences. It is always interference which complicates matters and sends happiness headlong into frustration. This conscious, often unconscious, perhaps, desire to work out the good of other people according to our own plan.

I often wish this desire for dictatorship could be eradicated from the human mind. Providing the law is upheld, people should surely be allowed to find their happiness in their own way. They will, of course, come the most dreadful croppers; but don't we all, both good and bad? It is often by coming croppers that we educate ourselves, since only by suffering their ill-effects do we know where true danger lies. Suffering is at any rate one of the best mental disinfectants. Show me the man or woman, who has suffered deeply, and I will show you in return someone who knows toleration, who possesses the gift of understanding and sympathy, and who is no longer puffed up by his own self-importance and superiority. Usually it is not towards the great and successful that I would turn to know the secret of what makes life worth living, and why. I would turn rather towards those who, having possessed so little, have nevertheless discovered the happy means to escape poverty of mind and heart. Like the blind, and others facing what may look like an overwhelming handicap, they have perforce to make a world of their own, and, having made it, know exactly, so to speak, where they are going and towards which goal. For, say what you will, in the last resort, happiness and well-being lie, entirely within ourselves, no matter how dreary and grim things may appear from outside. The great difficulty in life is to find them there, and to recognise them when we have found them.

WHAT made me think of these things was reading Mr. C. S. Forester's extraordinarily interesting historical novel, “The Earthly Paradise” (Michael Joseph; 8s.), which has just been published. It is the story of Columbus and his discovery of that haven of peace and sinlessness which were the Indies before he discovered them and civilised them, according to his own overwhelming theory of what meant righteousness and civilisation. We are shown the whole tremendous drama through the eyes of an imaginary character, Don Narciso Rich, a middle-aged lawyer, who is both learned and possessed of that adventurous spirit which has made modern civilisation what it is and also, may be, what it isn't. Perhaps he is the most real character in the story; at least, one seems to observe everything through his own mental reactions. His reactions, for instance, to the whole attitude of Columbus towards the conquered people; to

(Continued on page 416)



Dennis Moss

Bassano

A GLOUCESTERSHIRE CHRISTENING

Lady Palmer, above, and also on left with her husband, Sir Anthony Palmer, is the attractive wife of Major Sir Anthony Palmer, to whom she was married at the Portsmouth Garrison Church in September 1939. She was formerly Miss Henriette Cadogan, daughter of Commander and Mrs. Francis Cadogan, of Quenington Old Rectory, Fairford. The picture inset is of the christening of their infant daughter, Antonia Mary, which took place recently at the Church of St. Swithin, Quenington. The Rev. C. C. Harper officiated, and the godparents were Lady Romaine Cecil, younger daughter of the Marquess of Exeter; Mrs. V. W. Huntington; Mr. C. M. Cadogan, Lady Palmer's brother, and Major Lord Russell of Liverpool

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

the dreaded Inquisition, with his own subtle acceptance of it, hidden behind the inner conviction of a heretic. Indeed, his mind is laid open to us in a manner which carries an extraordinary conviction.

Here is a man, rather like our modern selves—adventurous and enquiring, never quite satisfied, always mentally on the alert for fear of suffering illusion. Less convincing, perhaps, is the figure of Columbus. Perhaps as a man he is too immense to find complete reality in any book. Playing for safety, therefore, Mr. Forester has kept so close to history that the result is over-studied. And yet, what an extraordinary and, in its way, magnificent page of history it is! Its central figure a man inspired by both greed and

A Readable Novel

THE only mistake which Pamela Hansford Johnson has made in her otherwise bright and interesting story, "Too Dear for My Possessing" (Collins; 8s. 6d.), is that she has told her tale through the reminiscences of a man. You simply cannot believe that a man is telling the tale, so utterly feminine is his point of view, his prejudices and his outlook. However, if, metaphorically speaking, you can make the storyteller neuter, not worrying much about his sex, here is a cleverly written novel which is both serious and yet amusing. We meet the hero first of all as a young boy—evidently one of those boys who is going to live silent and apart from his fellows for the rest of his life. His father is an author, divorced from his wife, and living in Bruges with a loud, vulgar, but immensely vital woman called Helena. For Helena, Claud had little use, and partly in order to get away from her, he went to live with relations in London. His father dies, however, and eventually he decides to make his home with Helena and her daughter Charmian. Chief interest here, nevertheless, is what Miss Johnson does with her hero. She puts him in an insurance office, shows how his inner dreams lead him towards art criticism, mixes him up with a Bohemian circle of friends, and then marries him off to Meg,

a difficult girl. Later, she transplants both of them to Paris.

Here Helena, who understood Claud better than he realises, takes a hand in the matrimonial game, which nevertheless ended by his desertion of Meg and throwing him into the arms of a red-headed little girl, Cecil, whom he had known as a boy in Bruges, but who since had become a famous cabaret star. They love each other, but death intervenes. Cecil dies and, bringing the story almost up to the outbreak of war, Claud returns to Bruges in the company of Charmian. Well, although it is difficult to believe in Claud as a male individual, except as seen through a woman's eyes, here is a vividly-told story in which, at any rate, all the women are undoubtedly real. Helena rather misses fire, perhaps, and the strange love-affair between Claud and Cecil, both yearning yet both dumb, is a little difficult to swallow. But, on the whole, here is a very readable story, cleverly told in a kind of bright, glib way which makes it so easy to read as to make that effort negligible. On the other hand, you will be interested and often amused all the time.

A Love-Story

LOVE, I have long come to the conclusion, is half propinquity and the rest a need of companionship. Otherwise, the most ill-assorted people would surely not clutter up their lives together. At any rate, when a man or woman declares they will never love again, I mentally calculate the cost of butter-dishes. I knew, for instance, the moment I met Jay Nichols, the hero of Jonathan Latimer's interesting and rather lovely story, "Dark Memory" (Methuen; 8s. 6d.), that, in spite of his emotional absorption in the memory of his dead wife, another woman would presently take her place in his heart—or, at least, as much as beloved memory will ever allow. Jay met Eve under strange circumstances. He had joined a small scientific expedition which had gone to Central Africa in search of okapi and gorillas. His job in this expedition was that of a photographer and man-of-all-work. In Africa the party is joined by Eve, a young woman who wanted help in the search for her husband, who had been lost in one of the tropical forests. At first, of course, they paid no attention to each other, but slowly circumstances take a hand in the game, and presently, after a series of incidents which drive them together, they are finally lost in the forest.

Here they begin to see each other in a new and more intimate light, and out of this intimacy love is born. They are far more surprised, however, than the reader is ever likely to be, because, knowing love-stories, he will guess what was going to happen from the start. But that does not rob the result of its sad beauty, or its emotional difficulty. For when Eve's husband is at last discovered safe and sound she has to make the one great, final decision, and it is the uncertainty of this decision which will make everybody read the story right through to the end, apart from the delightfully vivid way in which the author has told it. The minor threads running through the story are interesting, too. Especially the character of Bill, Jay's great friend, who is terrified of proving himself a coward and in the end dies a hero's death, protecting Eve and Jay from a leopard. Altogether, this is an exceptionally interesting and well-written novel—a story placed, moreover, in an unusual setting.



"H. G.", Who is Off to America —
VERY SHORTLY

The actual spot at which the snapshot was taken was the Grosvenor, for Foyle's Literary Lunch. H. G. Wells is going to America on a lecturing tour, as also is Somerset Maugham



Mrs. ELINOR GLYN

The creator of the immortal "Elizabeth" and one who has ever ranked *hors concours* in her own particular literary domain. She also was caught by the sniper arriving at the Grosvenor for Foyle's Literary Lunch

spiritual dreams. A mixture of the born conqueror and the born missionary. The only pity being that he discovered an Eden and left behind him a devastated region. A land where there had once been peace and plenty; ignorant, yet at the same time calm; only to be left ready tilled, so to speak, for the advancement of ideas which enlarge man's horizon, yet, at the same time, rob him of his peace of mind. To repeat, it is a wonderful story, and here it is told so vividly that the memory of it remains long after the story itself has come to an end. Not for a long time have I read an historical novel which carries its readers along so convincingly as to make every detail, every character and incident appear real and satisfying.



THE "REAL THING"—TAKEN AT HYDE PARK CORNER

William Dee

The streaks represent the exhaust trail of three "Hurricanes" coming out of the cloud-bank: their target escaped the photographer, but from reliable evidence received we cannot have much doubt as to what happened to it if they got half a chance. The Feld-Marschall Göring may bluster and bluff to his heart's content, but he knows better than anyone else that he is held and will very soon be passed



THE PRIVATE APARTMENTS; RESERVED FOR THE OWNERS



THE SURGICAL WARD IN THE GREAT BALL-ROOM
(BELOW) THE REV. EDGAR POPHAM, OF BOXGROVE PRIORY, VISITING PATIENTS



This historic abode, the last of this series of Country Homes in War-time, has been converted into a modern war hospital and it has been a very thorough conversion at that—so much so that those who have known it in those happier times associated with a famous race-meeting might fail to recognise the interior. Almost all the pictures have been removed and many of the large rooms have been subdivided by partitions to make hospital wards. An up-to-date operating theatre has also been set up. The big ball-room is included in this general transmutation and also the yellow drawing-room. Only a small part of the house has been reserved for the private use of the owners.



THE LIBRARY—NOW THE

COUNTRY HOMES

No. 18
A FAMOUS HOUSE
NOW A MILITARY



THE MATRON, MISS MCCUTCHEON,
AND COLONEL S. G. WALKER, M.O.
IN CHARGE



OFFICERS' WARD

S IN WARTIME

3:
E IN SUSSEX
RY HOSPITAL



THE HON. MRS. HUBBARD, WHO
DEPUTISES FOR THE CHÂTELAINE
OF THE HOUSE



THE FRONT VIEW OF THE HOUSE, SHOWING THE BRICKED-UP PORTICO



PATIENT'S BED ON ONE OF THE VERANDAHS

(BELOW) MISS BETTY GARDINER GIVING OUT BOOKS IN THE LIBRARY

who still return home from time to time when their war activities permit them to do so, and they take the greatest personal interest in the work of the hospital. In medical charge is Colonel S. G. Walker, R.A.M.C., formerly well known in the racing world in India, where he rode many winners. The Hon. Mrs. Ralph Hubbard, who is a daughter of Lord Ashfield, deputises for the châtelaine, and another willing helper is Miss Betty



Gardiner, a niece of the Hon. Mrs. Edward Sturdy, Lord Gough's sister, who lives at Molecombe, the dower house, and runs a library for the patients. The nursing staff is recruited from the Queen Alexandra Imperial Military Nursing Service and from the Territorial Army Nursing Service



QUEEN WILHELMINA'S PERSONAL STAFF:

CAPTAIN JONKHEER VAN LAWICK, MAJOR-GENERAL JONKHEER VAN ELLEMEET, PRINCE BERNHARD OF THE NETHERLANDS AND COLONEL PHAFF



PRINCE BERNHARD AT DUTCH H.Q. IN LONDON

In a recent moving speech made by Prince Bernhard on the occasion of the sixtieth birthday of the Queen of the Netherlands to the people of Free Holland in London, he said that it was a sad day for her in many ways, but that their loyalty to the House of Orange and unshakable will to regain their independence would bring her great joy. Prince Bernhard's Dutch is now very nearly perfect, a great achievement, as at the time of his marriage to Princess Juliana he hardly knew a word of the language. His English is also admirable, which makes him a valuable though unofficial liaison with the people of this country, among whom he has many friends. He is immensely popular among the Dutch people; has personal charm, and good looks, and is 'an excellent conversationalist. He was recently promoted by Queen Wilhelmina from Lieutenant in the Royal Dutch Navy to Captain-à la Suite; from Captain of the Royal Dutch Army to Colonel à la Suite, and to Honorary Colonel in the Royal Netherlands East Indies Army

Photos.: Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Pooler, Dublin

AT PHENIX PARK RACES LAST WEEK
Watching the finish of the Rathfarnham Plate. Lady Stafford King-Harman, Major John O'Brien, a well-known owner and a nephew of Sir Timothy O'Brien, and a well-known Irish G.R. of other days (won the Irish Grand National on "Amberwave"), and Sir Cecil King-Harman

AWAY WEST AND AWA' NORTH



STINGING THE PIPER FOR A FLOWER AT THE
CAWDOR CASTLE FÊTE

Lady Caroline Campbell and Lord Emlyn, Lord and Lady Cawdor's children, stick-up Pipe-Major Young at this Fête, which was in aid of the Prisoners of War Fund, and a very considerable addition to this excellent cause resulted, according to good information to hand at the time of going to press



ALSO AT THE CAWDOR CASTLE FÊTE

Lord and Lady Moray and Lady Cawdor in the grounds of Cawdor Castle, one of the oldest and still inhabited castles in Scotland, with drawbridge and all complete. The Earl of Moray is Lord Lieutenant of Morayshire, and was formerly in the Scottish Horse, and later the R.A.F.



SOME MORE CELEBRITIES AT CAWDOR

The Earl and Countess of Leven and Melville, who came over from Glenferness, Nairn, for the Cawdor Fête in aid of the Prisoners of War Fund. Lord Leven was formerly in Scotland's Household Cavalry, The Greys, and Lady Leven is a half-sister of the Earl of Liverpool, and was formerly Lady Rosamond Foljambe

THE TATLER AT THE THEATRE

THE West End theatre is, at the moment of writing, in all but total eclipse—and even its best friends can work up no special grievance in the matter. Given the direct attack on London, eclipse—at least partial eclipse—was inevitable. The Government's order at the beginning of the war to close all theatres



MARRIAGE OF A FAMOUS ACTRESS

Sub-Lieut. Jeremy Nicholas Hutchinson, R.N.V.R., only son of Mr. St. John Hutchinson, K.C., and Mrs. Hutchinson, is seen leaving Marylebone Register Office after his marriage on September 14 to Miss Peggy Ashcroft, daughter of the late Major and Mrs. William Worsley Ashcroft, who is one of the outstanding young actresses on the English stage. She has a beautiful speaking voice and has played opposite John Gielgud as his leading lady in many important Shakespearean, Tchekov and other plays. She appeared with him last June as Miranda in the Old Vic production of *The Tempest*

and picture-houses was described by Mr. Bernard Shaw as a master-stroke of unimaginative stupidity. This was, of course, the great man's way of saying that the decision had proved in the event to be unnecessary, and that it called for speedy reconsideration. And in that sense he was perfectly right. To-day, as so many Essex public-houses proudly proclaim, the case is altered. Drama is, we know, an art, a relaxation and a livelihood; on each and all of these counts it is entitled to strenuous championship, but there are limits to the practicable. Not Garrick, not Grimaldi, not any of their renowned successors could be expected to "hold" an audience while they were being rocked in their seats by high explosives.

THE THEATRE IN SHADOW

By ANTHONY COOKMAN

Once the raiders began to visit London regularly at just about the hour at which theatres were wont to ring up the curtain, evening performances were clearly doomed.

It was not, I think, that people minded being caught in a theatre during a raid. One place seemed to most of them as good as another. Their real objection was to finding themselves still out of bed at the "All Clear," and searching the streets at dawn for elusive cabs and buses. In Barcelona, Madrid and Valencia, during the civil war, theatres were continually crowded, and but for the greater distances between the West End and the suburbs, our theatres, I firmly believe, might have kept going. For neither play-goers nor players have any reason to be ashamed of the way they attempted to carry on through the *Blitzkrieg*. The determination to entertain and to be entertained was obviously firmer during the first week of indiscriminate bombing than it was at the outset of war. Perhaps the circumstances were, in a way, more favourable. When the theatres were closed for the first time since Cromwellian rule the whole machine was thrown out of gear, and for some while after the ban was lifted managers were extremely cautious. They could not tell with any degree of certainty how badly the public wanted to be entertained and how much of inconvenience they were willing to endure in a world which of all possible worlds seemed the most inconvenient. Backers hesitated to risk their money, and it was only after one or two pieces, not warranted in the ordinary way to fill coffers to overflowing—among them Mr. Priestley's experimental *Music at Night*—had played to packed houses that the backers took heart of grace and put forth the first of the many farces that gave the revived theatre the air of dancing a little deliriously with joy.

This time the money was, so to speak, on the table. There were many successful pieces running, and so long as they could find audiences they were allowed to run. For a while it seemed that they would weather the storm. The behaviour of audiences was exemplary. At that time I was often in the theatre when the sirens sounded and I saw nobody stir. After the formal interruption the play went on as though nothing untoward could ever happen outside, which is precisely how one would have expected audiences to behave. I confess, however, that I was surprised at the first night of the revival of *Cornelius* at the Westminster to observe that five minutes after the curtain-fall the theatre had emptied itself. A raid was still in progress, but the

audience fled out into the streets with their usual air of leisurely elegance, collected their cabs or were collected by buses, and went home to bed. At other theatres impromptu entertainments were given after the show proper. Play-goers were invited to see how things looked from the other side of the footlights, and the stage-struck found themselves playing opposite famous professionals in charades—an experience for which a night in bed could be counted well lost.

But in spite of all expedients, pieces which had by no means exhausted their popularity began, one by one, to founder. There can never in theatrical history have been a year when so many theatrical "successes" failed—*Rebecca*, *The Light of Heart*, *Cottage to Let*, *Women Aren't Angels*, *Thunder Rock*, *Swinging the Gate*, and several more. Their "failure" is surely only a phase in their life. The theatre has had many knock-down blows—from plague in Shakespeare's time, from puritanism in Cromwell's, and now it goes down again before an enemy as foul as plague and as tragi-comic as puritanism. When London is itself again the theatre, which is an integral part of its life, will be there, renewing itself as an art, a relaxation and a livelihood.



Fred Daniels

CAMERA STUDY OF CAROL LYNN

Black Velvet, that tremendous Hippodrome success, was the stage on which lovely Carol Lynn was seen dancing and singing throughout its long run of over 600 performances, and it was estimated that nearly a million people had seen the show. It only came to an end as George Black has another intimate rag waiting to take its place, and this will be produced as soon as the *Blitzkrieg* allows. George Black has a great flair for spotting fresh talent and can always be relied upon to bring a worth-while newcomer before the public eye in each new show he produces



INGA ANDERSEN—CANADA'S SOPHISTICATED SONGSTRESS

Charming Inga Andersen has been, and still is, very busy entertaining the Canadian troops now in England, as well as many other people. She sang at nine concerts in seven days, some of them in the open air, and continuing long after darkness in parts of the country more or less unmolested by German bombers. She has also been singing at the Café de Paris, now busy redecorating, the Embassy and the May Fair

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "SABRETACHE"

MANY expressions of thankfulness for the escape of their Majesties in the recent attacks on Buckingham Palace have been published, but the high quality of the courage exhibited by our well-beloved Sovereign and his Queen has not been mentioned in cold print. Within a matter of minutes of the most serious of these bombing attacks, the King and Queen went forth to visit various centres in East London which had also suffered badly. The courage which can stand up to things when the blood is hot is fine: the courage which can do it when bad danger has to be faced in cold blood is superfine. This Empire has good reason to be proud of its rulers.

LORD DUNALLEY'S most recent book, "Khaki and Rifle Green" (Hutchinson), is one that will appeal to everyone who has ever served in or, for that matter, ever met the Rifle Brigade, either in detail or *en masse*, and it is, rather more than less, a record of the author's own service, packed with the almost inexhaustible anecdotes of officers who are, or have been, the personal friends of soldiers all over the world, for the motto of the R.B. ought to be "Ubique." It is most amusingly written, and never boring, even though it is a one-subject book, and I feel sure that if even only the R.B. buy it, there should be a bumper sale. One of Lord Dunalley's sons was in the battalion which has earned immortal glory in the recent Calais operations. The author himself was through the Boer War and the First German War with his battalion, but these incidents are only touched upon very lightly, and it is the individual reminiscence which bulks the largest and, believe me, that supplies matter and enough.

LORD DUNALLEY has left a good deal untold, but that which he has set down is good all the way. R.B. celebrities like "Jellundur" (I always spelt it "Juldundur"), who was Reggie Alexander,

"Sparrow" Scott, Johnnie Crosbie, "Ponto" Bond, "Boy" Harman, Lawrence Buxton, Teddy Jenkins, Tony Boden, Joe Sloggett, "The Admiral" (Railston), and a host more fit in and out of this quite vivid record; and if, as I say, some of the best yarns so many of us know have been left out, perhaps it is just as well! One thing which rather surprises me, seeing that the author is so keen on polo, is that there is no mention at all of that amazing Rifle Brigade team of 1911 which so nearly outed the then all-conquering 10th Hussars in the Indian Inter-Regimental. Archie Tod, the back, is still alive; "Sparrow," "Jacko" Harrison and "The Admiral" have all gone, more's the pity. The R.B. and the 10th dead-beated on full time, and in the extra, the 10th did the trick, "Sparrow" Scott, incidentally, having had a baddish fall in the last chukker. In an early part of his book, Lord Dunalley says—

Though it may seem heresy, I would give a month's hunting for a week's polo, and a week's polo for a day's race-riding.

And yet, as I say, no mention of the R.B.'s best team! Conversely, I would give thirty years' race-riding for ten seasons' hunting. I never could play polo, but then's my sentiments where the other two things are concerned. However, it is a very good book, and every soldier, I am sure, will enjoy it, for it is by no means all Rifle Brigade. In these times, it is refreshing to meet something amusing, for we do not have to go out hunting for the Dismal Jimmies.

Among the personalities at Harrow during Lord Dunalley's time were two very famous ones, Dr. J. E. C. Welldon, who was the Headmaster, and afterwards became a bishop, and Mr. Winston Churchill, who has since become a Prime Minister, and the man whom Public Enemy No. 1 hates most in the whole wide world. Lord Dunalley did not like Dr. Welldon—few people did—and he says of him: "He was no mean hand with the birch, as I can certify from personal experience . . . to him I owe it that I have never been saddle-sore in my life."



A FAMOUS RUGGER INTERNATIONAL AND HARLEQUIN NOW SERVING ON THE LIBYAN FRONT

Lieut. G. J. Dean, the famous International scrum-half, is in the spot where things are most likely to start brightening up very shortly. He is an officer in the Royal Tank Regiment



H.H. THE MAHARANI OF JAMMU AND KASHMIR
The beautiful Consort of the famous ruler of that enchanting State, Kashmir, has started a War Aid Committee to raise funds for comforts for British and Indian troops, and it is meeting with a ready response. H.H. the Maharaja is, of course, a very familiar figure in the English polo world

India, he was very angry because so many of his congregation cut it before the sermon, which was usually long-winded and pompous. He tried ordering the Cathedral vergers to shut the doors. It did not work, for people just hopped out of the long side windows, which reached down quite close to the ground. This made the Bishop even more furious, and in a discourse which is historic, he said that he wished he could treat his unappreciative congregation in the same way as he used to treat the boys at Harrow. This did not increase his popularity. Dr. Welldon was an Old Etonian, and a contemporary of the late Lord Curzon, who was Viceroy of India at the same time as Welldon was Pontifex Maximus. Incidentally, the Viceroy simply hated the Bishop to call him "George," which he did at inopportune moments. As Lord Kitchener was C-in-C., and we had a Lord Chief Justice who, behind his back, was called "Pooh-Bah," and whom "K." called "a giddy moth" to his face, at a Black Hearts' dinner in Simla—the great Law Lord being up there *en garçon*, and having the time of his legal life—there was a pretty hot collection of masterful persons, each one of whom liked his own way, especially the L.C.J., who did not get his nickname for nothing. He was extremely good-looking, and when he chose, could charm a bird off a tree. So when he got up amongst those dangerous deodars and their amorous atmosphere . . . !

I can add a bit of testimony to this When Dr. Welldon eventually became Metropolitan in

AT A TIPPERARY RACE MEETING



LORD CHARLES CAVENTISH'S "KILFEAKLE" (M. REGAN) WINNING THE POWERSTOWN PLATE FROM "OLIVE PET" AND "BLAZING FIRE"



WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE IN THE PADDOCK

Mr. R. Keane, Miss Clodagh Anson, daughter of the Hon. Claud and Lady Clodagh Anson, uncle and aunt of Lord Lichfield, and Mrs. R. Keane ("M. J. Farrell"), authoress of that great success "Spring Meeting"

(BELOW) MRS. A. P. HARRIS LEADING IN HER WINNER, "DERK"



THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD AND HER TWO SONS

It was the first visit of the little Marquess and his brother, Lord Patrick Beresford, to a race-course, and no doubt grand fun for them

(BELOW) LADY CHARLES CAVENTISH LEADING IN HER HUSBAND'S WINNER, "KILFEAKLE"



BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

"YOU know, Bill is a cute chap," said the first man. "When he sold that business of his he told the buyer that his reason for selling was that he'd lost all his interest in it."

"Well, that was true, wasn't it?" asked the second.

"Yes, but he forget to mention that he'd lost all his capital in it as well."

RASTUS was in the war. At every explosion he tried to get to the rear line.

"You shouldn't be afraid, Rastus," said the colonel. "What if you die? Heaven is your home."

"Yes, suh, Ah knows," replied the darkie, "but Ah ain't homesick."

A group of small urchins playing at "soldiers" in the street were man-handling a smaller boy who wanted to go home.

"If 'e don't want to play, let 'im go," shouted the lad's mother.

"Garn!" yelled the leader; "it's conscription now!"

THE weary Tommy sat down at the table and called for the waitress.

"I want a poached egg and a kind word," he said to the girl.

She brought the food and placed it before him.

"Where 's the kind word?" he asked.

"Don't eat the egg," she whispered.

A man contracted to do a job for a Government department, it being understood that the contractor would be allowed to submit a bill showing "extra" expenses incurred.

One item on this expense sheet was, "One porter, sixpence."

The department objected to this item on the score that they could not be expected to pay for his occasional

drinks. The contractor replied that a porter had carried his bag. The department, in allowing the charge, stated that in future, to avoid confusion, he must describe such expenses under the heading of "Porterage."

Later the contractor carried out another job for the department, and in forwarding his expenses on this occasion there occurred the item: "To one cabbage, 2s."

THE recruit was a simple-looking lad from the country, so the sergeant thought he would pull his leg.

"Here, my lad," he said, "let's see how far you can climb up that searchlight."

"Ah, you can't catch me," said the recruit, "I know that trick. As soon as I get half-way up you'll turn out the light!"

A party of soldiers went to the village pub for a drink. There, leaning against the counter, was a meek-looking little man with a row of empty glasses in front of him.

"Landlord," said the man, with the solemn air of the "half-seas-over," "remove the British Army!"

The soldiers leapt to their feet and angrily demanded an apology for his insult to the Forces.

"No offence, ole man," replied the little man. "No offence. I said those glasses were like the British Army because they've done their duty and are ready to do it again."



GREAT ACTRESS FROM THE ISLE OF ARAN

Barbara Mullen, here seen sitting at the piano in her London home, a recent very welcome addition to the London stage, comes from the Isle of Aran, and is the daughter of Pat Mullen, who played the Man of Aran in Flaherty's famous film of that name. She made her first appearance last spring in Aimée Stuart's play *Jeannie*, at Wyndham's Theatre, in which she gave an exquisite performance, and in July made an equal success of the part of Mrs. de Winter in *Rebecca*, which she took over when Celia Johnson left the cast to take her child to America

HIS best friend was on trial for murder and Jones got hold of the foreman of the jury. "If you get him off with manslaughter," he told him, "I'll spring you 500 dollars."

The jury, after a deliberation which lasted five hours, returned a manslaughter verdict, and the Judge passed sentence of three years.

The foreman turned up, all smiles, for his 500 dollars. "I earned it all right," he said. "I was five hours gettin' 'em to make it manslaughter. They wanted to acquit him."

THE cavalry recruit was instructed to bridle and saddle a horse. Ten minutes later the sergeant-major came along for his mount and found the recruit holding the bit close to the horse's head.

"What are you waiting for?" he roared.

"Until he yawns," answered the recruit.



REVUE AND CABARET ARTIST GABRIELLE BRUNE

Gabrielle Brune, daughter of the famous Adrienne Brune, was formerly in the Gate Revue and will be remembered for her charming rendering of the song "Trans-Atlantic Lullaby." Last Christmas she left the Gate Revue to take Pat Kirkwood's part in *Black Velvet*, at the Hippodrome, and has also turned her attention to cabaret work. She recently sang some very provocative numbers at the Café de Paris and also at the May Fair

WITH THE FLEET AIR ARM—No. 6



THESE SAILORS—ARE NOT REALLY AT PLAY—BY WING-COMMANDER E. C. OAKLEY BEUTTLE

As a matter of sober fact, these proceedings are so "hush-hush" that not one word ought to be breathed about them, but it is understood, upon reliable information, that, whatever appearances may suggest, these sailors are not given these balloons as playthings. It may be that they have something to do with finding out in which way the blasted wind is blowing. However, it is all most mysterious and secret

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

Questions and Answers

TO all air defence questions there are answers. The point is to find the answers pat and quickly. It is like an argument, and there is no time to go away and think out the clever reply, no chance for the *esprit d'escalier*; the reply must be cogent and convincing and quick. The way the night-flying bombers were



Navarra

AIR VICE-MARSHAL A. T. HARRIS

The C.B. was the most recent addition to Air Vice-Marshal Harris's other decorations—the O.B.E. and the A.F.C. The Air Vice-Marshal was formerly Air Officer Commanding Palestine and Trans-Jordan during a distinctly troublous and recent period

tackled seemed to me a fine example—perhaps the best of this war yet—of rapid repartee. You will remember that the night-bombers came and crumpled and decamped. They seemed unseeable, unknowable and uncatchable. People felt very fed up at listening to their antics, yet no answer to them seemed possible. How, if you cannot see an aeroplane, can you shoot at it effectively? The crump of high-explosive and the crackle of incendiaries are unpleasant, but what could be done about it?

We now know what was done and it proved exceedingly effective. How it works is a complete mystery so far as I am concerned. All I know is that the night of bang-bangs pleased me as much as it pleased everybody else. All the guns in Christendom seemed to be going off, yet no searchlights were uncovered. What is more, the raiders kept high or distant. They certainly did not like it. The reactions of members of the public were amusing. There was one man in particular, whom I had seen looked somewhat haggard after the nights of no-reply. He told me then that the reason we were not shooting at

the raiders was, not that we could not see them, but that we were suffering from a desperate shortage of anti-aircraft guns. I ran into him again after the night of bang-bangs. He looked bright and fit and had evidently forgotten his statement of the previous day, for this time he assured me that we had such an enormous number of anti-aircraft guns that we could create a "ceiling of fire" over London and other cities if we wanted to! It's wonderful what a little noise can do.

Scientists

SCIENTISTS—real ones—I am told, dislike being called scientists. They are, it seems, "scientific workers." The distinction eludes me, and does not, in any case, matter. What does matter is that we have quite a lot of the breed in this country and that they are pretty active in aeronautical affairs at the present moment. Inventors are a worrying lot of people, because they suffer from the delusion that all those in authority are prejudiced against new things and that that is the only reason their devices are turned down. But, as a matter of fact, I believe that our scientific workers (who are inventors, by second intention) are usually about three jumps ahead of the other inventors.

There are not many air-defence or air-attack devices which have not been thought of and carefully and precisely studied by our scientific workers. I was at an experimental establishment for some time when I was in the Royal Air Force, for I was acting as a test pilot, and the ideas of those scientific workers were often more fantastic than those of the outside inventors, yet withal capable of practical application. Sir Henry Tizard said not long ago that the last war was a chemist's war and that this war would be a physicist's war.

Kingly

THE behaviour of the King and Queen when Buckingham Palace was bombed was superb. The people of Great Britain, during these anxious and difficult weeks, are influenced enormously by the behaviour of those in high places, and by none more

than that of the King and Queen. And I think a high tribute should be paid to the way their Majesties are setting a supreme example of smiling, but intensely hard endurance. They have been truly magnificent, and to see the Queen going around the bombed areas, sometimes when raid-alerts are on, and spreading her calming, healing influence among the women is a tonic.



Spsight

THE HON. SIR EDWARD CADOGAN, M.P.

The new Member for Bolton, Lancashire, in succession to the late Sir John Haslam. Sir Edward Cadogan, who is a Pilot Officer, R.A.F., is an uncle of Lord Cadogan, and a brother of Sir Alexander Cadogan, Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs

I somehow knew that those two unassuming people who now occupy the throne would rise to great heights of courage and devotion in this war, but I hardly imagined that they would stand out as heroes before the people and help to unite us and hearten us in a manner positively inspiring. No leader of troops, rushing into battle at the head of his men, has done more than the King and Queen during these periods of air-raiding.

New Aircraft

I had no opportunity the other day to speak at any length about the two new American machines that are now coming into service with the Royal Air Force and the Fleet Air Arm. They are the Brewster "Buffalo" and the Douglas "Boston," both of them fitted with air-cooled radial engines. The chief things about them are the airscrew cuffs on the Brewster (I imagine the airscrew is a Curtiss) and the tricycle undercarriage of the "Boston." These things are being introduced into the Service for the first time, but I think they will remain in it in the future.



SIR KINGSLEY WOOD OPENS LEEDS WAR WEAPONS WEEK
The Chancellor of the Exchequer casts the first coin into the capacious "hat" before a highly appreciative concourse of the inhabitants. A "Spitfire" fund is popular everywhere these days, but especially in the Midlands



Half an hour's relaxation. What a world of good it does you! Once you have crossed the threshold of the Elizabeth Arden Salon problems and anxieties are left behind. Gradually, under the influence of a soothing Elizabeth Arden treatment, new energy begins to course back into your system: you are conscious of feeling younger and looking lovelier. You emerge refreshed and stimulated—better prepared to do your duty, to yourself and others. Pay a visit to the famous Bond Street Salon. But don't forget there is also an Elizabeth Arden Salon in all the big provincial towns.

Elizabeth Arden

2 5 O L D B O N D S T R E E T L O N D O N W 1

The Highway of Fashion

by M. E. Brooke



Photos by George Miles



NOW that summer is over, women are concentrating on furs. They are seeking those that wear well and are at the same time practical. Even a casual glance through Molho's (5 Duke Street, Manchester Square) catalogue will solve this problem. It will be sent on application. Of course, a visit is to be warmly recommended. To this firm must be given the credit of the well-marked ocelot coat above, which is pleasantly priced at 39 guineas. By the way, there are hip-length coats of ocelot cat for 19 guineas, those of kid fox being the same price. Then caracul paw coats are 9 guineas and 14 guineas, according to length. A very special feature is made of skunk coats

A NEW material, Tropol, has appeared and is used for the interlining of top-coats carried out in Harris tweed, camel hair and other winter fabrics. These coats range in price from 6½ guineas to 10½ guineas. They are sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to Selincourt, 3 Vere Street, Oxford Street, W.1, who will send the name and address of their nearest agent. Tropol interlines the coat on the left; it gives the maximum of warmth and comfort with the minimum of weight. By the way, there is much to be said in favour of the lumber jackets, made in a variety of materials including a very soft, warm angora cloth and velour

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my dear! You look younger

The Way of the War

(Continued from page 495)

The Realm of the Million Elephants

Luang-Prabang is one of the most extraordinary lost paradises on this earth. Access to the Realm of Ten Million Elephants, as it is called, is by devious paths over the mountains from Annam on the China Sea, or you can fly there as I did last year on one of the rare military planes that visit the country. Luang Prabang is ruled over by a jovial monarch who like his people is a pious if somewhat easy-going Buddhist. I witnessed the King's acceptance of a slip of the sacred Bodhi tree brought from Ceylon by the Venerable Narada. The holy sprig was carried round the city on elephant back followed by the Court on foot. Most of the time of the Laotians is, however, spent in singing, weaving flower garlands, love making and celebrating the innumerable feasts of their calendar. There are few more romantic sights than a flower festival in Luang-Prabang with the songs and dances in the moonlight and the general air of complete divorce from the world we have to live in. Now power politics have come even to the Laotians.

It has also been reported that the Japanese have requested the Bangkok Government to lease to them the little embryo port of Singora on the eastern shore of the Malay Peninsula in Siamese territory about 150 miles above the frontier of the British protected Malay States. It, therefore, seems not improbable that the Siamese *démarche* to the French has not been undertaken entirely without Japanese encouragement. In the event of the complete control of Indo-

China by Japan the plan seems to be to put all the Annamese part, that is, Tongking, Annam and Cochin-China, under the authority of a puppet emperor, and to allow the part which comes into the same cultural sphere as Siam (that is the Laos and Cambodia) to go to make up a greater Thailand in which Japanese influence would not be absent.



JOINING GENERAL DE GAULLE:
GENERAL GEORGES CATROUX

The former Governor of French Indo-China was superseded when he declined to carry out the instructions of the Vichy Government. General Catroux has now arrived in London to throw in his lot with General de Gaulle

White Solidarity in the Pacific

But, after all, our greatest interest in Singapore, in spite of our immense frozen assets in China, is that that port is the gateway to Australia, and even if they manage to dominate Indo-China the Japanese will still be a long way off Australasia. More and more the white countries of the Pacific are feeling that they must get closer together. The Americans have for years past been economically interested in the British Dominions in the South Seas. Regular "Clipper" communication across the Pacific has brought San Francisco within four days from Auckland.

It is realized as acutely in the United States as in this country that any violation of the territory and any grave hurt to the interests of white Australasia would provoke an intolerable situation. The Japanese know this, and they know that they cannot realize all their ambitions. Hence their haste to settle things in Indo-China (and as a consequence in China) so as to be ready for the share-out of the Dutch East Indies should the plans they have dreamt of with or without the co-operation of and the consequent sharing with their German friends. These dreams, however, seem to be fading, and the realistic Japanese, never quite sure about the meteoric successes of the Nazis, do not think that the moment has come to take irrevocable steps.

* * *

It has been announced from Simla that the latest gifts for war purposes which the Viceroy has received from Indian princes include American securities valued at about ten lakhs (£75,000) from the Nawab of Bhopal, for the purchase of "Spitfires." More than £10,000 has been received from the Hyderabad War Relief Fund.

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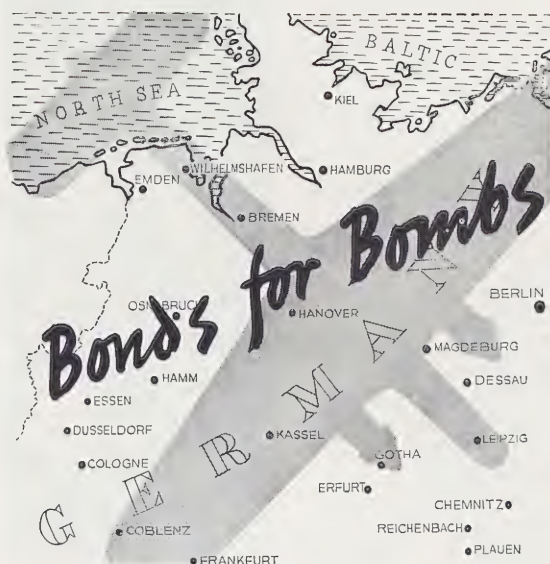
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In Germany the targets included the docks at Kiel and Wilhelmshafen, the transformer station at Kelsterback, near Frankfurt, the Messerschmitt factory at Augsburg, oil tanks and supply depots at Mannheim, and secret aerodromes... In Italy the Fiat works at Turin and the Marelli Magneto factory at Sesto San Giovanni were again attacked... In enemy-occupied France oil tanks in the Gironde Estuary near Bordeaux, at Pauillac, near Brest and at Cherbourg were bombed.

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AT SARATOGA RACES

Mrs. Peter Widener, the wife of a famous American race horse owner. Mr. and Mrs. Widener have taken in twenty-five poor children from England under the Marshall Field Reception Scheme

Letter from America

(Continued from page 406)

how to keep the Parisian spirit alive) and Madame Bori, the opera singer, in his box. Chantilly is represented by Major Dudley Gilroy (who was fourteen days in German hands and got away by a series of miracles), his American-born wife, and the Alfred Parkers, in whose house the Germans are most comfortably lodged.

It may not be altogether kind to tell you about the food in Saratoga, which is said to be the best in North America. The lobsters, the corn puddings, the chickens and the steaks, accompanied by a variety of vegetables and followed by chopped peaches with ice-cream, are justly famous. So I will tell you about the sales because anything less like Doncaster is hard to picture. There is some resemblance to Cheris at Deauville, but the nightly set up, in a huge barn, is essentially Saratogian, with millionaires such as young Chryslers, and great riders such as young Bostwicks, in ring-side seats, nodding or not at the horse may be, while electric lights blaze, and nearly every one is in evening dress, the women with mink tippets if the evening happens to be cool.

Hundreds of knowingly horsey faces, whose owners have strolled out of Damon Runyon's best stories,

fill the backcloth, shifting gum from cheek to cheek, while mosquitoes ping and the auctioneer recites hereditary performances. We catch something about "Gatwick" and then "Edinburgh Gold Cup" which wings us four thousand miles to dear old Musselburgh, as a yearling from Lord Adare's stud is sold under the auspices of six-foot-six Colonel Arthur Hancock from Kentucky (where the colonels come from), who has bought Lord Astor's Rhodes Scholar for his stud, which is the most important in the Union.

The English horses fetch in the only fancy prices of the season. Elizabeth Arden bought one, her trainer bidding for her. The folks go home around midnight in order to get up in time to see their horses work at the track (course to you) before breakfast; alternatively they stay out at half-a-dozen night clubs, and breakfast at Mother Kelly's. That routine, plus drinking the waters at the spa, taking the baths, playing golf and knitting belligerently, is Saratoga, 1940; probably the last season before America finds herself embroiled in another German war.

I give you seven to two, gentlemen, that America will be in our war a year from now, and, oddly enough, I can find no one in Saratoga who will bet against America's entry in 1941.



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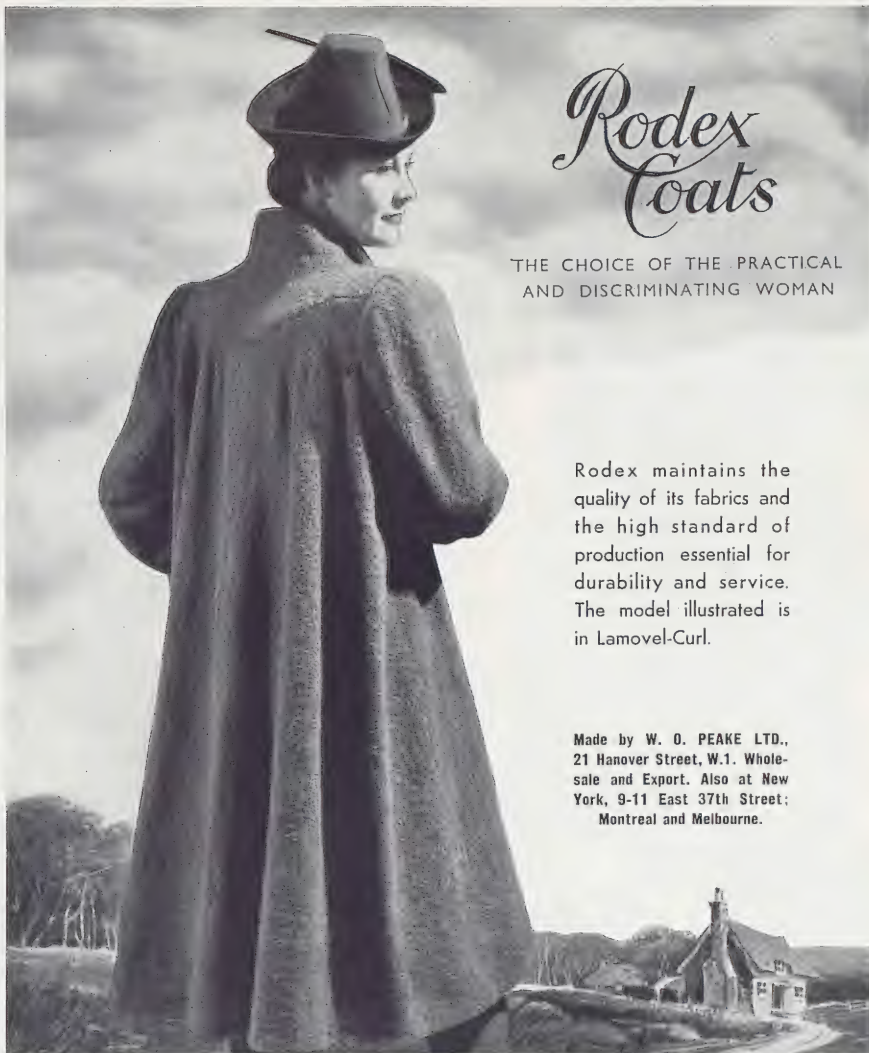
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Social Round-About—(Continued from page 412)



MR. AND MRS. F. M. RICHARDSON

Miss Grace Mary Burn, daughter of Sir Richard Burn and the late Mrs. Burn, of Staverton Road, Oxford, after her wedding at the church of St. Mary-the-Virgin, Oxford, to Mr. Francis Michael Richardson, of Castle Mill, Buckingham, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Richardson

preliminary canters for debutantes be fixed at ten a.m. instead of p.m.? Better for their complexions, too.

People are taking a lively interest in underground restaurants, and the antlered Baron's Kitchen of one well-known establishment is attracting some of the sparkling trade from its less pompous neighbour.

Now that it so often becomes necessary to sleep where one dines, there is a revival of fastidiousness about guests, and friends, as opposed to acquaintances. Also, London is falling back into its old formation of separate villages, and Kensingtonians are more or less obliged to confine their gregariousness to Kensington, Mayfair to Mayfair, Chelsea to Chelsea, and so on. All rather nice, and neat.

* * *

The entertainment, under the patronage of Princess Helena Victoria, arranged for September 26 by seven Margarets, including Miss Margaret Rawlings, Margaretta Scott and Miss Margot Fonteyn, in aid of the Y.M.C.A. Margaret Fund, has been postponed. It is hoped that all those interested in the Fund will send donations to the president, Mrs. Gordon Moore, 65 Pont Street, S.W.1.

Youth

There are some promising boys in their 'teens about, including Lucien Freud, grandson of Professor Sigmund Freud. He is a painter, and is experimenting with light by painting almost in the dark, which seems an idea with possibilities.

Mervyn de Vere is a ballet dancer who trained in Paris with Madame Preobragenska, ballerina of the Imperial Marynsky Ballet of St. Petersburg. He has joined the school at Sadler's Wells, after having been with Kurt Joos, who has just been released from a concentration camp, and is on his way to join his ballet in South America. A friend of Mervyn de Vere is Michael Nelson, aspiring young poet, who was on the *Sunday Pictorial* for six months, but did not find it poetic enough.

Parties in General

We keep being assured that we are all now in the front line, and after all, one only has to listen. So there really doesn't seem to be anything unethical about party going in itself, for any one keen on the risks.

It seems a shame that the young should be deprived of their dances: why shouldn't



LIEUTENANT AND MRS. A. SPENCER HOGG

Miss Joan Powell, only daughter of the Rev. A. C. and Mrs. Powell, was married at St. Giles's Church, Graffham, Sussex, to Lieutenant A. Spencer Hogg, R.N., who played rugby football for the Navy in 1938, the younger son of the late Judge Spencer Hogg and Mrs. Spencer Hogg

MINISTRY



OF FOOD

THE WEEK'S

FOOD

FACTS No. 9



**Remember to turn on the
Wireless at 8.15 every
morning.**

"AN army marches on its stomach." In this war, where every kitchen is in the front line, we *all* march on our stomachs.

Today science offers to help us to victory on the kitchen front. Everyone knows that certain foods are needed for energy and for body-building.

But do you realise that other foods (rich in vitamins and mineral salts) are essential for *protecting us from illness*? Below there is a list of these 'medicine' foods, which science calls the *protective* foods. Read on if you want to know what to eat for health.

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

CHIEF PROTECTIVE FOODS

| | |
|-------------------------------------|--|
| Milk | Potatoes |
| Butter or Margarine | Green Vegetables (fresh or canned but not dried) |
| Cheese | Salads |
| Eggs | Fruit (fresh or canned but not dried) |
| Herrings (fresh, canned or salt) | Carrots |
| Salmon (fresh or canned) | Tomatoes |
| Liver | Wholemeal Bread |

TWO WAYS OF PRESERVING TOMATOES.

Tomato Puree. Wash the tomatoes and cut in quarters; heat in a covered saucepan until they are quite soft. A quarter-ounce of salt and a quarter-ounce of sugar to each two pounds of tomatoes may be added if desired. Rub the pulp through a sieve. Return it to the pan and reheat. Pour immediately into clean hot jars and seal either with mutton fat, or with three or four rounds of thin paper brushed with home-made paste and pressed down firmly one on top of the other over the neck of each jar.

Skimmed whole Tomatoes in Brine. Blanch the tomatoes in boiling water for about half-a-minute; then put in cold water. Peel the tomatoes and pack in screw-band or clip-top jars. Cover with brine made from half an ounce of salt to one quart of water. A very little sugar (about a quarter of an ounce) may be added to the brine if desired. Sterilise in the same way as for bottled fruit, but raise the temperature to 190° F. in 1½ hours and maintain this temperature for 30 minutes.

SWEDES AND TURNIPS EN CASSEROLE.

Don't always eat your swedes and turnips with meat. They are excellent food and make a satisfying course by themselves. Peel 2 lbs. of swedes or turnips and cut them into fairly large pieces. Fry lightly and place them in a hot casserole with a well-fitting lid. Season well and just cover with stock. Put on the lid and cook in a moderate oven for about 1 hour, or until tender. Sprinkle the dish with chopped parsley before serving it.



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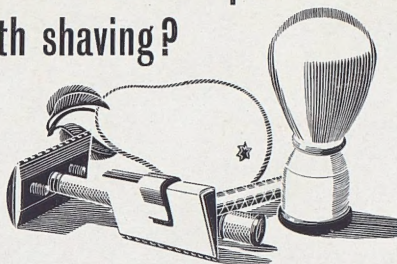
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